

The Black Stone

By
George Gibbs

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"'No Hangel' showed his teeth in a smile."
"They can live by peace, my dear Jessup," he paraphrased quickly, "may perish of peace."
"Constance Masterson understood his meaning. Their terrible philosophy—and yet one exemplified here before her very eyes."
"Don't bother about us, old chap," said Jessup, quite calmly."

CHAPTER I.

ALAN JESSUP was tired. This was not unusual, but he was always more tired in the morning because he had to face a new day in which everything pulled him, from the solemn face of the man who drew the silken hangings in his bedroom and let in the garish sunlight to the hour when, bored all evening at dinner or dance, he was driven home at last to the blessedness of sleep and unconsciousness.

Each of his homes was very like the other six in its atmosphere of magnificence and impersonality—white sepulchres—expressions of architectural skill and artistic taste in various styles, of which he knew little and cared less. He realized with a sigh that, for all their magnificence, they were houses merely and in no sense homes. For how could a fellow have more than one home? And yet there they were, in all their superfluous splendor, the Fifth Avenue home, the Long Island palace, the Tuxedo cottage (of forty rooms), the Newport villa (copied from the Petit Trianon), the Åremond camp (ten houses in

(Continued on Next Page)

Thrilling Adventure, Love, Intrigue and the Gre

(Continued from Preceding Page)

She no longer smiled at him, but looked straight before her across the bay. "Madness, yes, if you care. But it is not a madness that can be cured by silence or by death. Perhaps you will stop the Germans if France and England don't?" "The Atlantic, my dear?" "Ah, Alan, don't you see that that shouldn't make any difference? It's a question of principle. You miss that. Why, God knows," she said bitterly, "unless you want to miss it."

"I know," she replied quickly. "I'm sorry. It might have helped you. He didn't understand her words, but he couldn't mistake the tones of her voice, which were quite dull and homeless, and had in them the same note of finality that he had heard indoors. There was a long silence. And then:

"Of course, you don't mind leaving me. It will be no use at all without you. Some lingering echo of the tenderness she had always felt for him prompted her impulsively to give him another chance. "You could go, too, Alan. There is men's work to do—working with the Red Cross, driving an ambulance, or fighting!" He straightened in his chair suddenly.

"No, I couldn't do that. I wouldn't do it."

"Why not?" she asked. "Oh, I couldn't do anything. I'd make a mess of it. And, besides," he paused.

"Go on," she said. "Well—oh, hang it all, Connie!"

He rose impatiently and walked on and down. "I don't believe in the thing. What's the use? Why can't they leave the world be? Everything's all right. We don't have to go mad because Europe does. We haven't anything to do with it. I can't see why you?"

"Well, then, Alan, I'll tell you." She had risen, too, and faced him at the terrace gate. She spoke quietly, without heat, but there was a deadly earnestness underlying what she said. "I'm going over there because I'm one of those who rise go—because I'm young, strong, wealthy, without view."

He gazed at that, but she didn't even notice him.

"Because I can't sit here and live a life of ease and idleness when a nation is fighting its battle for me—because I have enough of the devil in me to hate the abomination that stretches its filthy hand across Europe to grasp, to enslave."

"I have, thank God, enough heart to know what suffering means enough money to try to help that suffering and willingness to make my bare hands do what money won't."

"I've been disappointed you." She stopped suddenly, as she realized that every word she had uttered was an indictment of Alan Jessup. Then turned away, leaning over the wall and fingering a blossom on the vine.

Alan Jessup tried to speak, failed, and then the words coming diffidently. "No, Connie," he muttered. "You mean?"

"What I say, Alan," she said gently. "That I—that you?"

He stopped helplessly. But the very gentleness of her tone seemed to give it an added purpose.

"Yes. That is what I mean, Alan. You and I. It is over. I don't want to be unkind. I want to save myself and you from disaster in years to come. We wouldn't get alone Alan. Perhaps it's my fault, but I can't change my way of thinking about things. And you—you've got the right to live your life in your own way."

"I've disappointed you?" She straightened and gave him her hand. "What is the use of explaining? It would only be painful to us both."

"There doesn't seem to be anything to explain," he said quietly. "I think I understand."

was driving out of the gate beneath the rampart lion. He took the road toward the city, driving slowly, trying to think. Connie had meant what she said. There wasn't the slightest doubt about that. She had turned him adrift and withdrawn herself, the only human being in the world for whom he cared, to cast to her side of the world—with a mere idea. Alan he couldn't understand. Of course, Connie had a right to do what she chose even to throwing him over. She had never promised to marry him, merely said that she hoped she could. But it was pretty rough to lose the only thing he had ever really wanted—all because some silly ass four thousand miles away had killed an Archduke. But he couldn't blame Connie; she was always right about things. And then—he had to admit—from her—lot of view he really must be a minor "what was the use? Nothing. Nothing to do around New York now. The thought of the endless round of inanities that I'd him during the Winter months to come gave him a sudden feeling of illness in the pit of his stomach. He walked

then, with an effort, Jessup seemed to awaken. "Too bad you're gone, Conrad. I think I'll be getting off, too."

Von Hengel turned his head slightly. "You? You're gone, too? Where, my friend?"

"Shooting," Nombasa. "Ah, Nombasa."

Von Hengel now turned his head furiously and then quickly looked away. "Have you thought? There may be difficulties."

"Difficulties?" "It might be unpleasant. Nombasa is near the line between British and German East Africa. The war was my friend."

The war again, Jessup groaned. What it was again, Jessup groaned. What it was again, Jessup groaned.

thought before he replied: "It is good, too, that I am going. We have been good friends, Alan. I shall tell you. It makes no difference now. I have asked Miss Masterson to be my wife—and he refused me."

"You, too?"

Alan Jessup was not a man to discuss his personal affairs with his suit-mates, but the words came from him before he was aware of them.

"Yes, I, too, my friend." And after a moment, "That was why I said that I thought I understood why you were going."

"Oh, I see."

Another and still longer silence, during which Jessup drove rapidly, his eyes peering

"The Turkana!" said von Hengel quietly. There was a sudden note of interest in his voice and a quick flash in his eyes. "Your yacht. Of course," he said, calmly. "I have forgotten."

"Simplest thing in the world."

Von Hengel was silent for a moment. And then, significantly:

"You are very fortunate, my friend," he said. "I wish I could bury my thoughts so easily."

"Sorry, old chap."

Von Hengel furiously examined Jessup's well cut profile. The face of the American was now placid again and as ever quite free from guile. The Turkana. Cairo. The association of ideas involved extraordinary possibilities for the German. But when von Hengel spoke again his voice was measured, his accents coolly appreciative.

"I envy you your opportunity. It will indeed be a wonderful voyage."

Jessup flashed around on him with a bright smile that seemed born of an inspiration.

"Come along then, old chap. Delighted."

Von Hengel covered his gratification with a slow smile.

"Don't tempt me, I might accept."

"I jolly well wish you would. A few bare, sailing alone. Come now. What do you say?"

If Jessup had been suggesting to stop in at his club for a nightcap the proposal could not have been more casual nor more spontaneous. The mere fact that his invitation involved the navigation of a large part of the earth's circumference and a

war vessel. "What then?"

"Hanged if I know."

"It would be necessary for me to hide my identity, wouldn't it?"

"Go as far as you like. It's nothing to me. I'm taking no sides in this quarrel."

"Ah!" Then I think perhaps it might be managed. I will see. He finished, though he was not finished.

They had reached the city and presently Alan Jessup drew up at the door of Graf von Hengel's hotel.

But the arrangements which the German officer had thought might be made seemed to take a great deal of time. The Ambassador had consented, but it was necessary to get the necessary approval from Berlin. The days grew into weeks, the weeks into a month, and still Jessup waited, because von Hengel from Washington wrote him again and again that the matter would soon be arranged. So Jessup, all his own arrangements having long since been completed, went up to the Tuxedo place and waited there. He was not a man to repudiate a promise or violate his own hospitality to a guest. He did not return to Piping Rock. Constant Masterson, he had heard, had sailed three weeks ago for England.

At last, word came from Captain Hoagland that his guest had come aboard the Turkana in a river-hat late at night, and Jessup made his way to New York upon the following day, finding the yacht at Forty-fifth street and the Captain Hoagland below in the stateroom which had been assigned to him. But there was another delay of a week more, which von Hengel eagerly requested in order that some papers might be sent him. He also requested that for reasons of his own he be permitted to remain aboard the Turkana until the messenger arrived. So Jessup, with an appearance of good nature, consented. It was, therefore, not until a week later that the Turkana moved from the upper reaches of the river and steamed majestically down the harbor. The requirements of clearance and inspection were speedily complied with, for Graf von Hengel possessed a Swedish passport which bore his photograph and a strange name. Alan Jessup accepted the solution carefully, aware of the strength of his own position and of the fact that his own vessel under his country's flag, and offered no opposition. After all, what did it matter to him if Hengel chose to be? It wasn't his affair.

And so at last they lay at anchor the afternoon, aware of the joyous lift of the ground swell beyond the Hook, which announced that their guests were their way.

At the breakfast table next morning Captain Hoagland joined them.

"Mr. Jessup?"

"I would like to know, sir, just where we stand on this matter of Captain von Hengel?"

"What do you mean, Hoagland?" Jessup shrugged.

"We came through American inspection all right," Hoagland went on, "because the draft is pretty well known in New York, but it may not always be so easy."

"Why not?"

"Because other people may be more curious. I don't say we can't get by with it, for the paper looks all right, but what can we do, sir, if some English boat boards us and takes Captain von Hengel ashore?"

Von Hengel smiled.

"I'm willing to take the risk. The passport is all right. It ought to be. It came from the Swedish Ministry. As to my friend, isn't Niederstrom as good as any other?"

"Quite so," said Jessup tacitly.

Captain Hoagland shrugged.

"Very good, sir. Just as you say. I've wanted to be sure of your wishes. But I believe in speaking out, sir. You understand, Mr. Jessup?"

"Yes, Hoagland, that's quite all right. But what makes you think?"

"Merely that there's a British cruiser about our port beam and she's crawling up rather fast."

"What are we doing now?"

"No, sir. Perhaps not. If we chose to show our hands, but I thought that—"

"What are we doing now?"

"Ah!" said Jessup with a yawn. "Make it twenty, Hoagland. I've never believed in the right of search."

"Very good, sir," said Captain Hoagland, touching his cap and going out on deck.

Jessup was critically examining his finger nails when von Hengel turned from the port-hole toward the table.

"I thank you, my friend," said the German in his deep voice. "You are very good, but I think you need not fear on my account. The passport is all right."

"Yes," said Jessup quickly. "But you aren't. I dislike the practice of lying."

Von Hengel laughed. "I take that responsibility," he said at last.

Jessup walked to the port-hole and gazed. He reached the port-hole and gazed at the pall of black smoke that was firing fin-like down to leeward. The deck thrived under their feet as the engine-room responded to the signal from the bridge.

"If I could," he said, "it would be worth while."

He put on a cap, went out on deck, and with his binoculars focused the distant cruiser.

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"Alan caught her quickly before she could elude him and kissed her."

in his seat and put on a burst of speed which no other man. He wouldn't do it. He wouldn't say and face the thing. He would go somewhere. Shooting—Africa. He would make the arrangements in the morning.

The reduction of New York's lights was creeping up into the moonlight sky when he suddenly encountered that he had promised to drive Conrad von Hengel to the city. Only ten o'clock. He turned the car and drove back rapidly in the direction from which he had come.

He reached the club house, and after waiting twenty minutes von Hengel arrived. He appeared quite silently, as if from the direction of the woods, and his boots were covered with mud and his clothing mired and dusty. Jessup eyed him curiously.

"Am I late?" the German asked politely, without a speint. Jessup sat the way to the machine, and presently was alone in the roadster with the German officer on the road to the city.

They were both silent for a while. And

that even on the other side of the world he wouldn't be able to escape it. "The war—oh, yes, of course—the war!"

And then, with a shrug. "But I'll chance it."

Alan Jessup turned his head again, his time examining Jessup's solemn profile curiously.

"Isn't this decision rather sudden?" asked von Hengel quietly.

"Er—yes, rather. Awfully tired—doing nothing."

"Ach, I see."

Another silence, longer than the first. "You and I, my friend, we go to the other ends of the earth. It is too bad."

"I'm sorry. But it's good for me to go."

"Perhaps." And then, quietly, "I think I understand."

Alan Jessup looked at von Hengel's face, its strong lines defined in the reflection of the lights from the dashboard. Something in the tones of his voice made Jessup look at him a second time.

"You understand?"

"You mean?"

Von Hengel waited a moment in deep

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CHAPTER III. The Turkana.

ALAN JESSUP, bewildered, stood for a while looking at the door, shut by the terrace wall where she had been, then slowly went indoors. The house was empty, for Mrs. Masterson and Jack had gone up some moments earlier. He walked about for a moment, aimlessly fingering the magazines on the library table, and then stumbled into the hall, where he put his hat and coat and went out. It wasn't worth while ringing for the servants. He didn't feel like seeing any one just then, so he made his way to the garage, found his car, and in a moment

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

To Sell the Kaiser's 110 Palaces

How \$300,000,000 Might Be Raised Toward Repairing

the Destruction in France and Belgium, from the Estates and Castles the Hohenzollerns Will Never Again Use

A DISTINGUISHED French economist, M. Andre Reclus, has suggested that it would be a wise, practical measure to seize the vast personal property and palaces of the late German Kaiser to help restore devastated Belgium and France.

That Germany will make reparation is already agreed. President Wilson, in his fourteen points of peace, included this: "All Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored."

Then the peace armistice provided that Germany should pay "reparation for damage done."

But the difficulty is how to get the money. It is admittedly a great problem to collect the minimum amount required, even though Germany has agreed to pay. A Belgian authority has declared that the smallest sum necessary to make Belgium habitable would be \$5,000,000,000. Certainly no less a sum would be needed to restore northern France.

If it were attempted to raise the entire sum from the German people in the form of taxation and bond issues it might be a burden which the German people could not endure. That is why many experts consider that it would be wiser to assess the restorative indemnity against certain specific German property, like that of the late Kaiser, and wait till we could market it at satisfactory prices.

The Kaiser's palaces have, of course, fallen into the hands of the German revolutionary government, but as Germany has to pay how could she do it better than by surrendering the property of the madman who brought all her miseries upon her?

After the Kaiser's palaces, we might attach the property of the twenty-two kings and sovereign princes of the federated German States, who joined so heartily in the Kaiser's leadership and have fallen with him. The palaces, crowns and jewels of this very blue-blooded contingent would yield an immense sum. Hundreds of American millionaires would welcome the opportunity to purchase crowns and coronets as curios.

During the last few weeks of the war it was announced that the Kaiser, wishing to palliate the disaster he had brought on his country, had turned over sixty of his palaces to the German Red Cross for the use of wounded soldiers. This gives some idea of the vastness of his private property. As a matter of fact, the number of his residences, including palaces, castles and smaller places has been counted up to one hundred and ten, although he has never allowed a complete list to be published.

These vast properties, together with his interest in the Krupp Works, the Hamburg-American Steamship Company and countless other concerns made him incomparably the richest man in the world. From all these sources he derived a revenue compared to which the income of a Rockefeller or a Morgan would appear trivial.

The Kaiser's one hundred and ten estates would alone bring at least \$300,000,000 in normal times. This sum would go a considerable way toward restoring Belgium.

It would be difficult to catalogue all the palaces of the Kaiser. To describe them adequately would require a library. He established a new palace in every region to which the imperial power extended, and he did not forget those regions which he had not completely conquered. Thus he built an enormous palace on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem.

Typical of the monarch's insane idea of personal aggrandizement was his completion of a new palace at Posen in 1910. Posen is the capital of the part of Poland conquered by Prussia.

It has never ceased to struggle and rebel against the tyranny of the Prussians. Wilhelm intended his palace as a symbol that he meant to rule the Poles forever.

Everybody knows that the Kaiser's favorite residence was at Potsdam. This town is a suburb of Berlin and the most aristocratic residence section in Germany. The Kaiser's usual residence here was the New Palace, built by Frederick the Great out of the proceeds of a special tax on coffee. It is a stately of a mile long, has 312 windows and is the most expensively furnished palace in Europe.

In addition to this the Kaiser possesses four other palaces at Potsdam—the Marble Palace, occupied by the Crown Prince; the Sans Souci Palace, the Orangery and the Stadtschlöss.

The Kaiser's largest agricultural property is at Cadzand, near Eilbing, on the Gulf of Danzig. The palace here is modest, but the property is enormous. It extends over an area of over twenty square miles and includes six tile factories and the largest horse-breeding establishment in Prussia. From this estate the Kaiser received \$500,000 a year.

Another vast estate of the Kaiser is at Rominten, in East Prussia, a wild, undeveloped tract inhabited by Russians who were little better than savs. This is principally a hunting property and is abundantly stocked with deer, pheasants and every kind of game. On this vast preserve the Kaiser could enjoy himself with as little restraint as a savage chieftain and indulge every instinct.

A remarkable estate is that of Springe in Hanover, a highly developed region of the empire. Here are ten square miles of forests and game preserves. This was the Kaiser's favorite spot for hunting the wild boar, and he and his friends frequently

killed three hundred of these animals in a day. It is significant that Hanover was deprived of self government by the Kaiser's family as recently as 1866, and this property was then taken from its ruler.

A very wonderful palace that belonged to the Kaiser, is that of Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, the former residence of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. It contains three hundred rooms of great splendor and is situated in the most beautiful grounds. Its formal gardens are ranked among the best in the world, rivaling those of Italy,

such as the Rebell gardens. Among the notable features of the gardens are the Hercules Tower, with an immense artificial waterfall flowing from it. This place would certainly be a success as a popular resort.

A trivial proceeding of the Kaiser was his recent acquisition of Hohenzollern, the largest mediaeval castle in Alsace. He restored this castle, supplied it with three hundred servants and hosted the imperial flat over it. This was a symbol that he ruled this conquered province.

Other palaces and castles of the Kaiser of more than ordinary interest are Konigsberg Castle, where he was crowned; Marienburg Castle, Charlottenburg Palace, Hildesheim Castle, Bellevue Palace, in the Tiergarten, Berlin; Hohenzollern Castle,

near Recklinghausen; Tannenberg Palace, near Wismar; the Bonn Residence, Schloss Jägerhof, Schloss Lietz, near Düsseldorf; Schloss Stolzenfels (the last four on the Rhine); Schloss Erdmannsdorf, in the lower Rhine; Schloss Kelle, near Hanover; Freudenau, near Berlin; Schloss Donsauechingen, Schloss Vor der Höhe, near Homburg; the Strassburg Palace, and Konigsruhrhausen, near Berlin.

The Kaiser also possessed palaces in Rome and at Frascati, a villa on the Riviera, and a villa on the Greek island of Corfu, which have already been seized by the Allies.

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A Composite Photograph of a Few of the Kaiser's 110 Palaces and Other Properties.

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The Most Surprising Romance of the "Honey-moon Yacht"

Some Notable Romances of the "Honey-moon Yacht"

- 1—Miss Marian Fish and Albert Zabiskie Gray.
- 2—Mrs. Nathalie Schenck Collins and William Leimbeer.
- 3—Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Szechenyi.
- 4—Miss Sarah Collier and Lieutenant Charles Fellows Gordon.

MISS SARAH COLLIER, dark-eyed and beautiful, heiress to a million or two and daughter of the late Price Collier, of New York and Tuscola, is engaged to Lieutenant Charles Fellows Gordon, of the British navy, flag lieutenant on His Majesty's ship Warrior, stationed these many months in the Potomac River. And thereby hangs as pretty a tale as Washington has enjoyed for a long time.

Notice, if you please, the name of the vessel on which Lieutenant Gordon is stationed. Although now part of the fighting British navy, this slim, graceful craft is none other than the yacht Warrior, formerly belonging to Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt—a yacht that has had as varied a career as a stage beauty. And, oh, the reputation the splendid Warrior boasts! In her debutante days, before the wreck that changed her whole future, finally landing her in the midst of the North Sea fleet, the Warrior had been the scene of delightful parties where Romance stalked unchecked—perhaps, one might say, encouraged. Although not ranking as a honeymooner with the Alva or the Electra, the Vanderbilt yacht had several courtships of national and international fame to its credit. And as this most recent romance proves, neither the horrors of shipwreck and the attendant devastation nor the tragedies of war could change the characteristics of the Warrior, which, despite its masculine title, is essentially feminine in its traits.

Miss Collier really had no chance to escape her fate once she had stepped aboard the British flag-ship and been smiled upon by its genial flag lieutenant. The magic of the Warrior's traditions immediately began to work, and even the fact that the charming young beauty was very much interested in the handsome and fascinating head of the Romance mission, was not strong enough to down the magic.

The history of the Warrior is well worth the retelling. She was British built, being one of the prize exhibits of the famous 1893 (Sydney shipbuilders). Mr. Vanderbilt put her in commission in 1904, and immediately things began to happen. The Warrior's first cruise was in Mediterranean waters, with the Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Vanderbilt's niece, as chief guest.

No specially startling romance marked the maiden voyage; the Duchess was disappointed, however, when her favorite maid, a pretty Blenheim-bred country girl, fell in love with an English soldier at Gibraltar and married him out of hand. And at the same time two members of the crew fell victims to the wiles of two dark-eyed Italian fruit vendors and dropped themselves overboard one night not to return.

One of the first love affairs to attract attention to the Warrior was that of Miss Marian Fish, Stuyvesant Fish's only daughter, and Albert Zabiskie Gray, of New York and Newport. For some reason this romance had not been moving very smoothly. It was understood in Newport that Mrs. Fish wanted her daughter to marry Paul Rainey, a man who was absolutely unbreakable or unattractable in meeting each other until she, happy day Mrs. Vanderbilt included them in a cruise up the St. Lawrence River. On their return their devotion was absolutely unbreakable or unattractable, and before many days passed the engagement was announced.

Gladys Vanderbilt and the Count Szechenyi also had some romantic engagement on board the Warrior. When the engagement of the Vanderbilt heiress and the Austria godson was announced many people in Newport as well as in New York wondered how and where this interesting courtship had been carried on. The Warrior could have told a tale if she could but speak! There

were weekend trips on Narragansett Bay, along Long Island Sound, up the Hudson and even out to sea.

A less famous romance begun on the Warrior was that concerning the very beautiful Nathalie Schenck Collins and William Leimbeer. Mrs. Collins having been divorced from Captain Glen Collins, was visiting Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at Gardons. Mrs. Vanderbilt gave a lunch for the Baron and Baroness von Hingemulder, and Mrs. Collins was among the guests. Her luncheon partner happened to be a good looking man by the name of Leimbeer, whose wife, Clara Bloodgood, had recently died. Within a few months the unhappy Mrs. Collins became the happy Mrs. Leimbeer and remained so for seven wonderful years.

Later on, when Lord Camoys came over to this country to woo Miss Mildred Sherman, daughter of William Watts Sherman, the young couple were feted on board the now famous yacht. In fact, it was the Warrior that frequently ferried Lord Camoys between New York and Newport.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was then financing two homes for working girls in New York, and in 1913 built a hotel for them on the East Side.

Many of these girls were very near to Mrs. Vanderbilt. She knew all about their love affairs, their struggles, and their problems. And on dozens of occasions she carried off selected couples for Saturday

outing on her palatial Warrior. She always included the youths in whom her girls were especially interested, and it is almost impossible to state just how many matches this delightful human and feminine hostess made possible.

Then came the greatest adventure that ever befell the yacht Warrior. In January, 1914, the Vanderbilts started for a cruise through southern waters. Mr. Vanderbilt wanted to inspect the Colombian rivers and coast and other places of interest. There was no chance for a romance on board the cruise, for the only guests were the Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Lord Arthur Falconer. But there was one considerable heart interest in the party, for Lord Falconer, a well known Englishman, was reported to have had his heart broken by Mrs. William G. Leeds, and gossip said that Mrs. Vanderbilt included him in the party to cure him of his great sorrow.

Then gossip also whispered that the citation between the duke couple. Everything was going as smoothly as a whistle when, one night, the Warrior was wrecked at the mouth of the Magdalena river on the Columbia coast. The yachting party spent a night of terror on board until they were rescued by a fruit steamer.

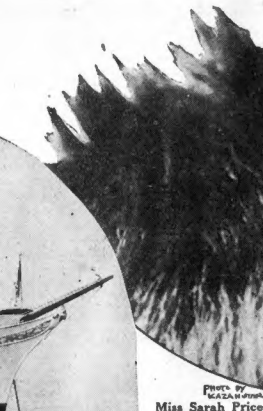
But what no one knew at the time was that the very wrecking of the beautiful vessel brought romance to another loving couple. The boy, who engineered the rescue, who risked his very life to carry the shipwrecked party to safety aboard the frigate, was deeply in love with a girl in Hoboken, New Jersey. But a sailor small wages, and it looked as though he never would be able to marry his girl. Someone on board the Almirante told Mrs. Vanderbilt of the boy's love affair, and when Jack went ashore at Hoboken he carried a check for one thousand dollars in his pants, and a singing heart in his breast. He and his girl were married the next day.

While the Warrior was still on the beach, Mrs. Vanderbilt sold her to Harry Payne Whitney, a nephew by marriage. Then just before Alfred Guyana Vanderbilt sailed on the Lusitania he bought the yacht, now once more in commission, from his brother-in-law and planned to do some extensive cruising abroad. Following his death, the Warrior was turned over to the British navy.

For months the Warrior, still the same graceful, fast-moving craft, in spite of its coat of battleship gray, fitted hither and thither on the anxious water of the North



Miss Sarah Price Collier Whose Romance Is the Latest to Spring from the "Honey-moon Yacht."



H. M. S. Warrior, the Old Vanderbilt "Honey-moon Yacht" Which Al- though Now a War Vessel Has Again Justified Its Romantic Reputation.

Sea. As a member of the now famous "suicide fleet," that fleet that conveyed our American troops through the danger zone, the Warrior served nobly for several months, but neither officers nor men can stand such nerve-racking service indefinitely, and eight months ago the British Admiralty dispatched the Warrior on a secret mission to Washington.

And what about romance? Well, that could be more thrillingly romantic than the extreme devotion between Admiral Lord Grant and his handsome lady? A devotion so great that the British Admiralty, smashing the precedents of a century, permits Lady Grant to live on board the Warrior with her husband!

Then, you see, there is Miss Collier's side of this thrilling love romance. On the surface there would seem to be every chance against its successful outcome. Miss Collier had been destined by birth, fortune and upbringing to make a truly great marriage. In New York, when she made her debut, she immediately became a reigning belle, and, of course, every eye looked for her to marry a great fortune.

Only a multi-millionaire will satisfy Sara, was a frequent comment heard during her debutante season. Eventually her older sister Katherine married George Dyer St. George, a grandson of George St. Baker, predestined to share the Baker wealth. Sara, therefore, was expected to go Katherine at least one better. In London as well as in Berlin, where much of Miss Collier's girlhood was spent, she was looked upon as one foredoomed to marry

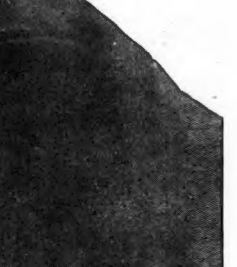
into a great family, to become either a British duchess or perhaps even a German Princess.

Her father, Price Collier, an author of unusual reputation, was a friend of the Kaiser, as well as of many high personages in England. It will be remembered that just at the time when Mr. Collier was that just at the time when Mr. Collier was the American Point of View, was published. Several high authorities in the Empire were furious and attempted to have the Colliers sent from Germany. The empire were furious and attempted to have the Colliers sent from Germany. The empire were furious and attempted to have the Colliers sent from Germany.

Later Miss Collier was presented at the British Court, and even in London achieved a brilliant social success. During her first season here at home, when she divided her time between New York, with its formal and elegant entertaining, and Tuxedo, with her informal social life, Miss Collier was constantly paired off with Le Grand Cannon, son and heir of the late Harry Le Grand Cannon.

Just when even critical New York was admiring that its pet beauty and belle was really going to make an extraordinary marriage, we went to war. Mr. Cannon went into the army and Miss Collier decided that she must help a bit, and off she went to Washington to do something or other for the Government. Mrs. Collier, having been born a Belgian

The Love Troth of the Heiress Trained for a Brilliant International Match and the Poor Naval Officer Which Proves That the "Warrior" Couldn't Forget Its Record Even by Becoming a Ship o' War



Lieutenant Charles Fellows Gordon, R. N.

and been blessed with unlimited wealth, took a house not far from the White House and Sara found herself working day and night for the French Mission.

It became commonly reported that Miss Collier could have had any eligible member of the mission, and also, later, of the Belgian and Italian missions. But no, in common parlance, there was nothing doing.

And now we come to the real compelling romance of her career, and always the Warrior is in the foreground of the picture. Last June Lady Grant gave a tea party on board her husband's flag-ship and among the guests was Miss Collier. The English woman took a fancy to the young American beauty and trotted forth her pet officer to beg her hand, said pet being "Charlie" Gordon, an inconspicuous younger son of a younger son of a well-known Scotch family. Fate, of course, had already decreed that the two should meet on the magic ship and prove to an amazed world that not even the war could change its traditions.

From their first meeting Lieutenant Gordon settled right down to capture Miss Collier and nobly has Lady Grant aided and abetted him. Being at home on her husband's vessel, Lady Grant has brought the young people together aboard ship on any and every occasion. For two months they have been inseparable, but for a long time not even Washington would believe that Miss Collier would accept the Scotchman.

There were so many reasons against the match and so few for it! Three weeks ago Lady Grant was hostess at a most unusual and officially important function on board H. M. S. Warrior. It was an event of great international importance and the one young woman she signalled out to assist her was Miss Collier. Flag Lieutenant Gordon was constantly in attendance. Admiral Lord Grant hovered near by and Mrs. Collier and the Frederick Delanos were also present.

This event was really tantamount to an engagement announcement and no one was surprised when Mrs. Collier made the formal announcement on the 13th of November. The wedding will be celebrated on somewhere in Washington. But among the nuptial festivities may be a dinner on board the Warrior.

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My Three Years of German Slavery

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, Whose Chateau in France Occupied by Hindenburg and Others in High Command, Reveals for the First Time the Details of Unsuspected Savagery Behind the German Lines in Devastated France Which Stands Unparalleled by Anything in History



The beautiful Countess de Gaza-Pascal, now in America after her escape from three years of bondage behind the German lines of invaded France

By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER II

SINCE I have come back to America, after three years of bondage behind the German lines in the invaded regions of France, I have been asked many times if, after all, the reports of the barbarities and cruelties of the German officers and the German soldiers to the inhabitants of the country they invaded were not more or less exaggerated.

To all of these and to the readers of these pages I can only say, "Whatever you have heard is only half the truth. The worst must remain untold until others like myself have the opportunity to gather their memories together and tell at length of what they saw and suffered."

I have seen British soldiers, taught by many campaigns to be accustomed to the horrors and ruthlessness of war, poking about with their bayonets in captured underground defenses of the Germans and among the ruins of the villages they had just taken—not for souvenirs or booty or a lurking death trap, but for some symbol or sign that would solve the greatest mystery of the war—the mind of the German officer and soldier.

General von Beseler, of the Great Headquarters Staff, chief of the Industrial Administration of the occupied districts, once came to my chateau while on a tour of inspection of the Cambrai region. This General was stern and cold, with eyes that struck me as being absolutely pitiless. But I deceived him an injustice in estimating his character from his appearance when, Sunday morning, he was greatly perturbed because my chateau did not include a chapel for Sunday prayers.

The General asked me, that Sunday morning, when I served his breakfast in his room, "at what hour and in what part of the house" religious services would be held. When I told him no especial provision had been made for such services he seemed amazed. Then he became very angry and ordered me to call his aide.

I heard the General storming in his room when the aide had answered the summons. General Hurt, who was the principal officer among my self-imposed guests, was notified that General von Beseler desired to meet him immediately in the salon.

General von Beseler demanded to know why General Hurt had not had a temporary chapel installed in the

ON that fateful August day four years ago when the German army poured across the Belgian frontier I was visiting friends in Brussels. Next day my husband joined his regiment in France, the Second Howitzer Reserve. I have never seen him since. He was killed in battle fourteen months later.

The Germans swept on. Suddenly the patrols of Uhlans galloped into Brussels; then came the Prussian Guard. We were now helpless in the hands of the enemy.

My husband's chateau was near Epinoy, in northern France. As the German lines pressed rapidly forward into France they soon passed through and beyond Epinoy, and I was permitted to leave Brussels and go to my home.

My home! For three years I was the servant in my own chateau, the humiliated slave of my British German masters. My chateau had been taken for the headquarters of the Fourth Artillery Corps, and from time to time Hindenburg and Ludendorff themselves were there. Twenty miles away was the Great Headquarters of the General Staff, at St. Amand.

For three years I lived under the shadow of the commanding officers of the great German military machine and overheard their plans, ministered to their brutal desires and saw their monstrous commands executed on the desolated homes and the quivering bodies of my neighbors.

I HAVE SEEN women dragged into my chateau and turned over to the drunken caprices of the officers.

I HAVE SEEN these officers possess themselves of my own household servants whenever fancy seized them.

chateau, and why his officers were allowed to neglect their religious duties on the Sabbath. He upbraided General Hurt severely. I shall never forget hearing this impressive Prussian, with a row of campaign medals and crosses on his coat, lecture General Hurt upon the necessity of setting an example to his troops by spending a portion of each Sunday at least in communion with God.

General Hurt was apologetic. He excused his neglect by pleading that he had allowed his officers to attend religious services arranged for the soldiers. But he was compelled to admit that he had not insisted upon such attendance.

A chaplain was hurriedly sent for. An altar was improvised in my salon, and all the officers of General Hurt's staff and others who were billeted elsewhere were assembled to worship with General von Beseler. I and my servants were asked to seat ourselves behind the officers. I watched General von Beseler's face with curiosity. I am sure he prayed reverently and absorbed the sermon with deep earnestness.

But three days later this same General von Beseler ordered the entire village of Ramilles, a few miles from Epinoy, the seat of my chateau, burned to the ground because its inhabitants, mostly old men and women, were unable to supply him with the amount of cloth he had demanded for soldiers' uniforms. Homes which were a hundred years old, houses about which clung romances of the days of Louis Philippe, pretty cottages which were the only shelter of old couples, whose sons were away fighting for France—all were razed with orderly, systematic precision.

The Homeless, Wandering Ones Turned Loose as Object Lessons

Those who were made homeless were allowed to go where they pleased. General von Beseler wished their plight and their punishment to be a lesson to other villages not to plead that their old men and women could not weave as much cloth as he, the Prussian General, decreed, they should furnish.

I took one of the old women of Ramilles, who had lost her home and all her earthly possessions, into my house. I allowed her to help as much as she could with the housework. The next Sunday she sat near me in the back of the salon while General von Beseler prayed with his officers for the blessing of God.

It is such things as these I cannot explain. I can only tell of them. The German soldiers, spurred by their officers, exhibited a wonderful labor and skill, and there were many proofs of religious piety—sometimes sentimental virtues, too—but their savagery, their almost unbelievable barbarism, their entire disregard of every rule of humanity, have never been equaled in the history of the world. It is something I think no one else can explain.

One would think, for example, the older men of Germany, the staid, settled citizens who had brought families

into the world, and who had beloved daughters of their own just budding into womanhood, would have been more considerate of us.

Certainly I felt a great relief—and there was almost rejoicing in my house and in Epinoy—when two regiments of Hessian Landwehr moved in to replace the line artillery which had been our masters for some time.

This was about six months before the battles of the Somme. Orders had come removing the Headquarters of the Fourth Artillery Corps from Epinoy to Aubigny. A Landwehr staff was established in my house in place of the artillery staff.

The Cases of Madeleine and Yvonne—Servants of the Landwehr

These Landwehr were part of a construction division—road building, electrical, mining and excavation companies.

They came to restore roads, open new ones, and prepare for the fortification of a secondary Hindenburg line from the Senes Canal to Montbrehain.

The German High Command knew already, six months before time that the British were planning a great drive in our region of northern France. I had heard the artillery staff officers discuss the British plans with, seemingly, a most minute knowledge of Marshal Haig's secret preparations. They even had the date for its beginning approximately fixed—"in six months or so," they told each other, and six months later the Somme battle began. In the meantime the Landwehr had prepared the new line through our region, ready for a possible retreat.

All the Landwehr were middle aged men—fathers, husbands, business men and professional men. Some of the privates and lower officers even had been professors in the universities. All had been summoned from quiet, private life. They were representative of the real German people. We hoped they would be better than the regular soldiery. They were infinitely worse.

The petty officers were billeted about the town. In every house, no matter how inconvenient the owners were, two or more of these insolent, overbearing officers were quartered. They used the softest beds, and demanded the most comfortable room. Their hosts might sleep on the floor if there was but one bed.

I want to describe what happened to us under these representatives of Germany's civilian population, and so I will tell here the stories of Madeleine and Yvonne, two pretty French girls of whom I was very fond. Yvonne was the daughter of the superintendent of the lace works at Epinoy, and Madeleine was the sister of the bailiff at Chateau Abancourt, which was eighteen miles away. The Marquis de Abancourt and her family, who were my friends, were in Paris when the war clouds gathered, and had not returned. Madeleine's brother insisted that she take refuge with me when the Germans came. Yvonne lived with her parents.

With the Landwehr staff there came to my house Colonel Frenenberg, who had been one of the faculty of the University of Munich. He was the author of a number of psychological text books which were widely used in German universities. I heard him speak at my table of his wife and family, and when letters from Germany were delivered to the officers, always there were packets and envelopes from his home.

The second morning after Colonel Frenenberg's arrival at my chateau he arose early for a walk through the grounds around the house. Madeleine, who was seventeen years old, and of that disposition which refuses to be depressed by danger and trials, was always up with

I HAVE SEEN two unfortunate little ones born in my own house and greeted with the ribald jests of these men.

I HAVE SEEN the graves in the cemetery near my chateau torn open, the rings, crucifixes and trinkets taken and even the gold in the teeth stripped from the jaws—and the bones tossed into a heap.

I HAVE SEEN the heartbroken relatives reverently searching these heaps of bones, smoothing over the torn graves and piecing together the broken headstones.

I HAVE SEEN the deportations—the families assembled to be torn apart at an officer's command, the men and boys marched off to far-away munition factories, the women sent away to work in the fields and the pretty girls retained for the officers' entertainment.

I HAVE SEEN the spies come and go—those tireless and conscienceless wretches who creep back and forth through the military lines and also watch and listen and betray the people of the town.

I HAVE SEEN their pitiful victims marched through the streets and soon I have heard the guns of the firing squad.

I HAVE SEEN Prince Zitel reeling about in the arms of women he had sent for from Berlin to entertain him—

But I will tell this in detail; all this and a thousand other things which were burned into my brain and heart and soul through the long hours of the endless days and nights of that three years of horror.

LLAINE, COUNTESS DE GAZA-PASCAL

the sun for a frolic with Jacques, a huge sheep dog which had been my husband's pet. Colonel Frenenberg saw her that morning on the lawn. She must have presented to him a pretty picture, so young and lithe, frocked in a plain dress, edged with the famous lace of Cambrai, her youthful spirits chastened but not repressed by our predicament.

Madeline described to me afterward how it occurred. Jacques frisked near the pretty colonel and dodged about his legs.

He was an old, dull-witted dog, and had no cunning—even for the Germans. The colonel spoke to Madeline. She scorned to reply, or even to notice him, since he had not addressed to her an order such as she would have had to obey. This was her way.

The colonel revenged himself upon Jacques—kicked him with his heavy, steel-capped boots. Poor Jacques yelped with pain and surprise. Madeline drew herself up before the colonel.

"Sale bete!" ("dirty beast") she exclaimed, looking him full in the face.

"Sale bete!" For such words as these, Mademoiselle, you shall be given a lesson in deportment," the colonel said, in hot rage.

Madeline just turned away to attend to the cringing Jacques, who was more hurt in pride and trust than in body. An hour later, when the commanding officer's aides were at breakfast, a file of soldiers drew up in the yard, and its officer demanded "the woman, Mademoiselle de Gaza-Pascal, whom we have orders to place under arrest."

Imprisoned in the Dark Cellar With the Rats for Her Comrades

They took her to the schoolhouse which the Germans had commandeered and shut her in the basement, in a dark room, where musty, forgotten schoolbooks and broken tables were stored. There was almost no air, and no light. The huge rats, which had come back from the trenches, prowled around, frightening the poor girl with their evil eyes which glittered out of the darkness.

You are charged with obstructing an officer of the forces of occupation in the conduct of his military duty, and the atrocious explanation given the girl by the petty officer who looked her in the room.

It was not until the next day after Madeline's arrest I discovered where she had been taken. I dared not ask of the officers in my house, since to do so would merely emphasize the colonel's anger. But when I discovered her prison, I could not help her.

When Madeline had been in the dark basement room three days, with only an occasional cup of water taken down to her by the sentinels who happened to remember there was a woman imprisoned below, Colonel Frenenberg summoned me. "You will tell the young woman, Mademoiselle Madeline, when she returns to-day, to be more careful of her manners in the future. You will advise her, also, that if she does not wish further and more severe punishment for her unpardonable offenses she will be especially attentive to me." Such was the command the colonel laid upon me.

Madeline returned that afternoon—broken in spirit, her heart wounded, ill from neglect, and her nerves shattered by the glittering of the eyes of the rats. It was more than a week before she could leave her bed. Each day I saw questioning in the eyes of the colonel who had daughters of his own at home. And each day I avoided

Field Marshal Count Paul Ludwig Hans Anton von Beckendorff and von Hindenburg, the real German War Lord, who occupied Countess de Gaza-Pascal's Chateau

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"Another night, when the officer interrupted a tête-à-tête between the young people, he again seized Yvonne. Clement sprang at him. The soldiers quickly pinioned him, at a command from their chief, and dragged him away. The next day he was deported. Yvonne was now completely at the mercy of the officer who had been quartered in her home."



and sent into Germany, or onto the fields in Belgium, to work for cruel masters. At my table I often heard these Landwehr officers recount with great enjoyment the success of their favorite under-officers in finding pleasing girls and pitilessly accomplishing their submission. That was one of the commonest topics of conversation in my salon.

It was during the occupation of the immediate district by these Hessians that orders were sent throughout the invaded regions for the Germans to gather metals of every description for the great munitions plants. I heard this order discussed by the officers in my chateau. They made their plans at my table for a thorough search and seizure throughout the district. One of them mentioned church bells, and was immediately complimented by his superiors—church bells would be especially valuable.

At once I thought of the great bells in the old church of the Presbytery, which stood on a little street at the very edge of Epinoy. I never worshipped there, but I knew the old cure, and I like all the countryside, loved him. For more than forty years he had lived in the Presbytery and had ministered to the corporeal as well as the spiritual needs of his flock. His church was his only earthly, tangible possession. And the great bells which hung in the spire were his especial pride.

I went that night after the officers had retired, and at the risk of being taken by the sentries for violating the rules against being out of doors after dark, to the old cure's home. When I told him his bells were in danger tears came into his old eyes, and he thanked me with a blessing. When I had gone he called his sexton and together they carried the bells to a hiding place.

The next day soldiers battered in the ancient doors of the church. They were looked against them—locked for the first time. I do not doubt, in more than a century. But even church locks were frail against German might. While the soldiers strode into the little building with its high, slender steeple, the old cure sat on his steps, across the street, and watched, silently. Presently an officer came out of the church and looked up and down the street and then across, to where the cure sat. He called over to him.

"We want the bells. They have been taken away. Come at once and show me where they are."

The cure shook his head. The officer approached and threatened. "You will tell me instantly where they are or I shall burn your church to the ground."

The cure would not tell him, even then. He said to me afterward, "I did not think, Madame, there could be such people on earth—people who would threaten a house of God. I thought they were only threatening, hoping I would tell them where my bells were, but that if I refused they would only kill me, perhaps, and go away. I was willing they should take me. But my bells belonged to

my beloved flock. It was nearly time for me to go my way—the bells would last forever."

So the soldiers brought up huge cans of petroleum and carried them inside the church and distributed them. Again they asked the cure if he would lead them to where the bells were hidden. The cure shook his head again. Suddenly a flame leaped up within the church. Horrified, the cure hurried across the street. Trembling with agitation, he revealed the crypt into which he had dragged the heavy bells and implored the Germans to put out the fire quickly, lest it spread.

The German officer only laughed at the old man. He called his men and the bells were carried away. Then the soldiers emptied the other cans of petroleum over the altar and pews and about the floor. A moment later the little old church was a mass of seething flame. The cure returned to his steps across the street and watched it crumble away.

Twice Hindenburg, himself, the real war lord of Germany, came to my chateau. Millions have seen the work of this personification of the militaristic ideals of the German people; I think I am one of the few who have seen him, since the war began, revealed as he is—a ponderous, cruel, efficient, haughty tyrant.

His first visit to our district was made shortly after the fortified line, later known as the Hindenburg line, was established for the base of the invaders' operations. This line became the actual fighting front directly west of Epinoy. Two roads, separating between Epinoy and my chateau, were important arteries of communication with the line. Other roads were being built, connecting Douai, Arras and Bapaume, converging nearby.

Burning of Villages to Please Field Marshal von Hindenburg

The first intimation we had that Hindenburg and Ludendorff were coming was a mysterious warning which filtered down from Douai, where the Eighth Artillery Corps was stationed, to the headquarters of the Fourth Corps at Epinoy. How this warning came even the commander of the Fourth Corps, who was one of those living in my house, did not know. A staff officer heard from someone else, that Hindenburg and Ludendorff were at Douai, and that they were headed south. That was sufficient.

There was much excitement among my guests that night. General Hurt, the commander, was greatly worried lest the great chiefs find something wrong with the Fourth Corps. General Hurt ate dinner with his staff officers, and we, who served them, overheard many interesting comments upon "the Old Man," and a great deal of discussion as to the best methods of preparation for the "unexpected" visit.

One of the new roads which had been built for the quick passage of heavy field pieces ran through several small villages whose inhabitants mostly made lace in their homes. The roads had been finished but these villages still flanked them. General Hurt was worried lest the "Old Man" would travel that road and object to the presence of towns which might hamper quick movements of troops. "That is easily remedied," said a staff officer. "We can warn the residents to-night and burn the villages in the morning. They will be well cleared away by noon, or, at least, will be in the process of disappearing."

General Hurt quickly approved. An aide was dispatched to carry the orders to the administration headquarters in Epinoy. Mounted patrols were reached by telephone for ten miles north and south. The inhabitants of the villages were awakened and told that at daylight their homes were to be burned to the ground. In the morning seven little towns, each one harboring perhaps three or four hundred persons, were set afire. In a few hours they were smoking masses of ruins, and within the sector of the Fourth Corps there were no inhabited towns along the new road made for artillery and troop movements.

Twelve great, gray autos swept by the chateau at four o'clock that afternoon. There were no officers dallying about the house that day, but I knew who those autos carried. They went into the town and to the administration building. Immediately afterward an officer, with a band of soldiers, hurried to the chateau and ordered me to immediately prepare two suites of rooms—the "Old Man," and, possibly, Ludendorff, would spend the night in the chateau.

(Continued Next Sunday)

toric church in a French village, deliberately destroyed by the Germans with fire and shell

as much as I could lest he ask too soon, if Madeleine agreed to be attentive.

I had to tell her what the colonel said. I had to prefer for the trials I knew she could not avoid. There no escape for her. When, at last, I could not keep in her bed any longer, and she appeared again about town, always trembling, the colonel approached her. He threatened her with "arrests" again—the room with the rats. It was a terrible choice—the German colonel. She could only submit. The soldier at her "I shall expect your attendance evening, Mademoiselle," he said as he went away, as five months before this officer was ordered away, five months Madeleine was his unwilling victim. That is the story of Madeleine, who is in Epinoy now, in city still stands, downcast and sorrowful, as she the last time I saw her.

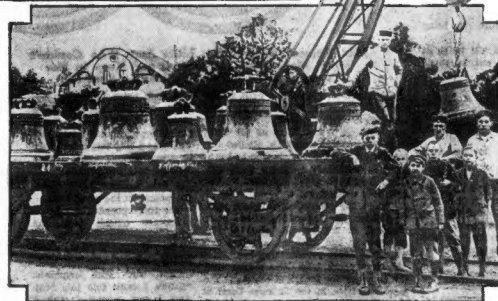
And now the story of Madeleine's young friend me. Pretty Yvonne was engaged to the son of M. el, a notary.

Clement, the son, had not yet reached military age; the mobilization came, and, with other youths of his age, did not think of going to the colors until it was late. Now, these youths were being made to work for Germans at planting in the fields, in re-equipment factories the Germans had built, or at road building in connection with the Spring campaigns. General von Bessler given carte blanche to commanding officers to deport Germany or to the mines, all males who refused to factorily perform tasks set for them by officials. ent worked as hard as his task masters asked, that light not be taken away from Epinoy and Yvonne.

Yvonne's home there were quartered two Landwehr officers. One of them, a Feldwebel, or sergeant, was nearly fifty years old, yet he cast lustful gaze upon Yvonne, who was scarcely more than sixteen, as soon as he was domiciled under her parents' roof. He desired her submission to him almost at once. When she manfully reproached him for the insult he smiled at heavily and warned her:

"We shall see—we shall see."

After that Yvonne was always frightened. Her aunt could not aid her. He was one against too many, no one in that region had arms but the soldiers. He entered Yvonne's house as much as he could. One day the officer amused himself by caressing Yvonne



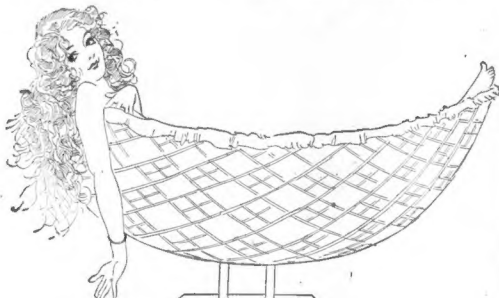
Not even the old church bells which for a hundred years and more had summoned the villagers to their Sunday devotions were sacred to the German invaders. Here are shown the bells gathered from countryside church spires, loaded by a derrick on flat cars, to be shipped back to the munition plants in Germany

while her fiancé looked on, powerless to interfere because of soldiers standing near.

Another night, when the officer interrupted a tête-à-tête between the young people, he again seized Yvonne, this time even more brutally. Clement sprang at him. The soldiers quickly pinioned him, at a command from their chief, and dragged him away. The next day he was deported. Yvonne was now completely at the mercy of the officer who had been quartered in her home—the more so because upon her acquiescence to his demands, depended, in a large measure, the safety of her father and mother. She could not help becoming nothing less than a slave to this representative of the German people. That is the story of Yvonne.

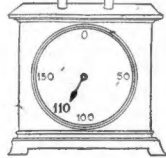
This practice of deporting the young men who were favored by the prettier girls of the city was common under the Landwehr. The under-officers demanded the daughters of their hosts. If they were refused some one dear to the family, or the daughter, herself, was seized

Like Old Shylock's Pound of Flesh



How Miss Frances Nelson, the Actress,

Won \$16,000 by Convincing the Jury That She Weighed Not One Ounce More Than Exactly 110 Pounds in Nature's Very Simplest Costume.



SHAKESPEARE'S famous drama, "The Merchant of Venice," reaches its climax in the scene in which old Shylock demands the pound of flesh. The genius of Shakespeare, which conceived this dramatic situation, has been paralleled in large measure by a very curious lawsuit, just concluded in the New York courts, and the verdict of the modern jury was found precisely upon the same question of pounds of flesh.

When Miss Frances Nelson signed her motion picture contract with a photo-drama company, she did not particularly notice one little clause which was designed to make all the trouble. The clause, brief and tucked neatly away, almost buried, in a three-page-long contract, was:

"If the party of the second part acquires a weight of more than 110 pounds this contract shall become null and void."

Miss Nelson, puckering her ordinarily smooth, childlike brow over the other clauses providing for remuneration, concerned herself but little with the tiny clause.

It was a tiny clause, but she was a tiny person. A girl of twenty-two who had been addressed all her life by diminutives, had no apprehension of avoidables. Giving a mere glance at this flesh-bearing clause, but having pondered on the others, she appended her signature to the contract.

A tiny clause? Ah, but just wait. Just think what unusual problems were contained within it. What was there about Miss Nelson which "got over" up to 110 pounds, but which would be lost by the addition of one extra pound more? Yes, even a half pound more?

Was it beauty, grace, charm, camera limitations? If one pound could open such an abyss between success and failure, "putting it over" and not "putting it over," what on earth kind of a charm would ten pounds create? And what is the magic in 110 pounds—just that and not an ounce more?

All this might have occurred to Miss Nelson, but it didn't. She signed the contract and taxied home at high speed to tell her motherly maid the good news.

"I have at least a year of work before me, Mary," she said. "Yes, the terms are good. But what I care most for is that I am to have a new line of parts, a kind that I have always wanted to play."

"This contract will give me a chance for growth," she added.

Ah, that portentous word "Growth!" The little actress, in her pretty, self-made nest, in a high apartment house where Broadway and the Hudson River meet, prepared for her year's work. She kept herself in the pink of physical condition. To keep up her circulation and her spirits she walked at least five miles every

day along the river front or through Central Park.

To keep her weight at normal, she took at least three Turkish baths a week. Three a week were the minimum. And being a systematic person she kept "tabs" on her weight after each bath.

Later it will be seen how system rewards its devotees.

Thanksgiving Day came. Miss Nelson celebrated it with a nicely browned turkey and reference to her most contract. Christmas arrived and the little star had good will toward all mankind in her heart but wished that firm would show signs of action. The New Year's day came and went. With it came rumors that the firm was embroiled in difficulties with its former star; that it was not disposed to be on with the new luminary until it was off with the old. She paid a visit to the firm's offices, where she received such intimation.

Another visit and some one spoke of a settlement. The little star expressed her desire to shine. She confessed to a disinclination to loaf. Some of her fraternity might like to bask in the sunshine of a contract with no work to do, but she was not of the temperament of the tramp. She craved activity, a release of her energies in the form of expression. When should she begin? The parties of the contract's other part shook their head.

Still another visit by Miss Nelson to the firm's offices. This time there was talk of settlements.

"I will settle, but not for that sum. You have kept me from making other contracts. And I have lost royalties on other pictures which I might have been making. You must pay me a larger sum than that or put me to work," was the Nelson ultimatum.

Shortly after the conference a telephone message came to Miss Nelson's selfsame nurse when she abode alone. It was from the office of the firm.

"When can you come down to see us?" anxiously questioned the office assistant.

"Tomorrow at 11," joyfully returned the actress.

"At last, Mary!" she said to the motherly maid of all work. "I shall begin work."

The next morning as the clock struck 11 Miss Nelson smilingly faced the officials of the company. The officials looked at her. They looked at each other. Then they looked at her scale, finally, so intently that she felt vaguely uneasy.

"I trust you have been well, Miss Nelson," began one.

"I have been in excellent health, thank you," said Miss Nelson, quite unexpectantly.

"You are looking exceedingly well. In fact—or—somewhat plump," ventured an

other, mild of face and benign of voice.

Then Miss Nelson abruptly and violently remembered that contract clause that had seemed so negligible.

"Oh, no! I was weighed at the Turkish baths yesterday. My weight was 110 pounds."

"Not at all, dear sir. I will weigh at the baths this afternoon and telephone you what the scales say."

"Why not here?"

"Because the place to get your true weight is at a bath, where—er—you only weigh what you do, you know," blushed the star.

"But we have scales in the next room."

Visions of Lady Godiva and others upon whose paucity of garments had depended their future career shot through Miss Nelson's mind. She rapidly decided that she had no desire to enlist in their ranks. With force and directness she was preparing to state this decision when—

"You can go in there and we will call two of the office girls as witnesses," they concluded.

Miss Nelson was somewhat appalled but not complacent.

"What difference would it make in my work if I weighed 120 pounds instead of 110—or even 111 pounds?" she expostulated.

The reply she received was oddly similar to Shakespeare's famous Israelite's answer, "It is so nominated in the bond."

"It is the contract," she was told—and that is just the way the Bard of Avon would have said his lines read had he been living today.

"Well, I just won't be weighed in such a matter behind a closed door," she said, while all the men in this office know what is going on. I will go in and be weighed as I am with you two as witnesses."

Miss Nelson stepped upon the scales; one official adjusted the weights, another stood there.

"One hundred and twenty-three pounds!" said one.

"Precisely," echoed the other.

"The scales must be wrong!" exclaimed Miss Nelson. "At all events I am not my clothes, nor are my clothes. I will go to the baths and be weighed this afternoon and telephone you my true weight."

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Miss Frances Nelson, the Little Star Who Couldn't Weigh More Than 110 Pounds and Keep to Her Terms of Her Unusually Interesting Contract.

Miss Nelson took her usual bath, swam her usual swim in the long green pool and went into the weighing room.

A telephone to the office of the company, followed by a long wait, elicited the information that the officials who had presided at yesterday's weighing were out. The inference, also, was that Miss Nelson had been weighed out.

"When they come in," Miss Nelson said, "tell them Miss Frances Nelson has been weighed at the Turkish baths, in the presence of two witnesses, and that her weight is 109½ pounds. Good-bye."

A few weeks later Miss Nelson sued the company for breach of contract. The case was tried in the Supreme Court of New York City. Justice Henry D. Hotchkiss was the judge and twelve good men and true constituted the jury. The plaintiff was her own witness, backed by the manager and attendant of her favorite bath.

Miss Nelson climbed to the witness chair, from which her tiny feet swung, clearing the floor by six inches, turned her face to the jury, and testified:

"I don't weigh more than 110 pounds since I signed the contract," she averred.

"I know, because I go to Turkish baths nearly every day to bathe and swim. When I come out of the bath I always weigh myself. It is my invariable custom."

"On the day that I was weighed at the office of the defendant I was wearing a kitten ear one-piece dress, that had a row of leaden weights sewed around the hem. They are very heavy. I wore around my waist a heavy silk cord with long ends and fringes. The cord looked like a rope and was as heavy."

An official of the company took the stand.

"Do you know anything of the weight of ladies' garments?" asked Attorney Damman.

"I took pains to inform myself," was the answer. "We placed upon the scales a dress, a sweater, a hat and boots, and whatever a lady might be likely to wear at one time. They weighed only five pounds."

A long drawn "O-O-O" from the women in the court room.

The judge pounded the gavel.

Another official took the stand.

"Do you know anything about ladies' clothes?"

"Yes, sir," with emphasis. "Before I came into this business I was connected with a dressmaking establishment, I know all about women's clothes."

"I am wearing a robe," said Judge Hotchkiss, borrowing a hint from Solomon. "Tell me how much this weighs."

But no one even made a guess.

Miss Nelson was again called to the stand. She faced her opponent's attorney.

"What were you wearing under your dress?" asked the man of law.

Miss Nelson's lip curled.

The judge leaned forward with a fatherly air. "Were you wearing what a lady usually wears?" he inquired, graciously.

"Yes, sir," in grateful tones from the plaintiff.

Here the jury showed a desire to be enlightened upon the very questions outlined at the beginning of this article. But, alas for their purely human curiosity—they didn't seem to figure in the case.

There was the bond, the contract. Either the clause had been broken or it had not.

The jury retired. In a quarter of an hour there was a rap upon the door of the jury room. The twelve good men and true filed back, took their seats and looked kindly at the little plaintiff.

The foreman spoke with union. "We find for the plaintiff. Damages of \$16,000," he said.

Miss Nelson in Some of the Clothes Whose Weight the Jury Took Into Consideration in Deciding Her Case for Her.

No matter why, if Miss Nelson weighed more than 110 pounds it was broken; if she didn't, it wasn't.

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How War Changed the Love Ideal of Gay Mr. Warren

His Engagement to 'His Fashionable Fiancee Broken, Lieut. George Henry Warren of New York, Newport and Paris Goes to the Front, Is Sobered by War's Grim Realities and Loses His Heart to a Red Cross Worker



formerly Miss Adelaide Cannon, to whom Mr. Warren Was Engaged Before War Changed His Ideals.

ONE of the most interesting as well as unusual of the romances the great war shaped is that of George Henry Warren, Jr., of New York, Newport and Paris, and Miss Katherine Urquhart, of Charlottesville, Va.

Young Mr. Warren is heir of the Warren, son of Mr. George Henry, Sr., nephew of Lloyd and Whitney Warren and the late Mrs. Robert Golet. In his pre-war days he was known as Newport's Speed Prince, and no name appeared more frequently on the police blotters for defiance of traffic regulations than did his.

Miss Urquhart is the daughter of a Southern college professor, and is an earnest Red Cross worker. Young Mr. Warren has so much money he finds difficulty in keeping track of it. Miss Urquhart, though blessed with brains and charm, does not come from the Croesus kind.

Not so long ago Mr. Warren was engaged to a lovely young lady of his own set, one who liked as well as he to "step on" the throttle and who opined the game was low whenever an auto went less than fifty miles an hour.

Now she is married to a man as unlike her former choice as his present one is like her in speed yearning.

And all this has the war done, changing the love ideals of young Mr. Warren. So short a time ago he was the leader of the summer members of the Circus set, happily when terrorizing Newport with his ninety horsepower runabout with pretty Miss Adelaide Cannon by his side. Today he is a sedate young liaison officer in the United States army, somewhere overseas, and engaged to marry a most earnest young Red Cross war worker, Miss Katherine Urquhart, of Charlottesville.

As soon as the announcement was made every one who is any one in the Newport society, which means all of the Warrens' relatives and friends, began harking back to the years just before the great war broke out. And particularly to the Summers of 1911-12. Ah, those were the happy days for Mr. George Henry, Jr., heir to half a dozen millions and member of America's most exclusive set. He had outgrown his boyhood's love affairs with Miss Mildred Rives and Miss Kate Willis and settled down to capturing lovely, blonde-haired Elizabeth Adelaide, daughter of Mrs. Theodore Freelinghusen by her first husband, Harry Le Grand Cannon.

Newport watched the romance breathlessly. It had to, because Warren conducted it at the rate of fifty miles an hour in his high-powered car. All day long, from after breakfast until just before dinner, a streak of dust anywhere out there on the countryside meant the passing of the speed king and the smiling girl he had picked out to be his wife.

They were the jolliest, happiest youngsters imaginable, for Miss Cannon, although a debutante and heiress in a large fortune, dearly loved to go—well—almost as fast as her devoted swain.

Why, there was the day when he and Herman Oelrichs and Vincent Astor foregathered at Second Beach and raced their cars at a speed that eventually set Oelrichs' car afire. But even that grand and glorious stunt did not satisfy.

In passing, in this fifth year of the war Vincent Astor is a lieutenant in the navy somewhere in French waters, and Herman Oelrichs is a nifty young ensign on board a destroyer somewhere in the North Sea. And Lieutenant Warren is headed toward matrimony with a girl whose idea of speed is represented by the army miles that carry her to her war duties every day.

But before this romance was consummated an extraordinary transformation took place in George Henry, Jr. He changed from the dashing speed king, whose whole thought centred on having a blazing good time with the Newport set, into a serious-minded American patriot, whose sole idea was to help win the war.

The change, after all, was not a sudden one, and to understand it thoroughly one must mark back, like society, to his earlier days, and we must also dip into family history.

George Henry Warren the first had seven children, among them being Lloyd, Whitney and George Henry second, as well as Mrs. Golet and Mrs. William Starr Miller. This group of exclusives, being worth innumerable millions, became the backbone of the Newport colony, and their children were born to the same high privilege. George Henry second married Miss Georgia Williams and eventually had two children—Constance, who is now the Countess de Lasteyrie, and George Henry, Jr. Naturally these two offspring carried on socially but as effectively as their parents and uncles and aunts.

Miss Constance, being two years older, took a conspicuous place in Newport and New York before George Henry, Jr., by the time he entered fully upon the scene society was exhausted by its amusements. Miss Constance, you see, was a debutante, and for several years did her very best to outdo Miss "Bobby" Sears as a dress stunner. While brother George was preparing for college she was keeping up with Miss Sears in every form of athletic endeavor.

When Miss Sears played polo Miss Warren played sides when Miss Sears walked twenty miles in six hours Miss Warren walked thirty miles in four hours.

When Miss Sears's swimming ability won her a place on the front page of the New York and Boston newspapers Miss "Comie" outraged her parents and tickled brother George by swimming from Bailey's Beach to the Forty Steps. And so on.

But all these stunts were perfectly ladylike in a way compared with what came later. Brother George came home with a new motorcycle warranted to go one hundred miles an hour. Up to this time Miss Warren had been content to drive a ladylike electric phaeton, but when she saw George's cycle the spirit of speed arose within her, and one morning, at the height of the smart parade on Boulevard Avenue, Miss Warren came speeding down the roadway, with George doing his best to catch her on his old cycle.

From that time speed became Miss Warren's mania, and all of a sudden George developed the same trait. When Constance was hailed into court for speeding on Thames street George got himself arrested for the same cause, and so on. When Constance married Count de Lasteyrie George Warren was knee-deep in an affair with Mildred Rives, daughter of the late George Lockhart Rives. Father Rives objected to George's speed mania and broke up what promised to be a successful courtship.

Then Kate Willis appeared as a favorite, but only temporarily, for out of a clear sky Miss Elizabeth Adelaide Cannon arrived in Newport to spend her debutante summer. Miss Cannon was a rare beauty, having inherited her mother's lovely coloring, and George Henry immediately fell a victim to her charms.

It seemed a highly suitable match; there was great wealth and excellent family on both sides and beauty on the side that most counted. Then, too, the young people had many tastes in common. When George Henry pulled his '11' of car down to fifty miles an hour Miss Cannon would sigh and murmur, "Is the gas running low, Froggie?"

George Henry's pet name was "Froggie," but how he won it no one ever knew.

When asked so leading a question "Froggie" would put on more gas and then come. Was it any wonder that he became known to every policeman and respectable within a hundred miles of Newport?

Then there were other things this young pair liked to do. There was dancing, for example. At one party given by Mrs. Hope Slater at Hopewell on the Cliffs, Miss Cannon and George Henry outdressed all comers, going at such a speed that Mrs. Slater was shocked.

They also liked all other sports—tennis, polo, swimming and football. In every respect they seemed cut out for each other, and when their engagement was reported it was not at all surprising that the bride went around with a wonderful diamond blaring on her engagement finger, society being so much more advanced on an immediate marriage.

Then another member of the Cannon family leaped into the limelight. Marian, the younger sister, married John Drayton Prince, a son of Professor John Drayton Prince, of Columbia College. The young people had not known each other very long, Miss Cannon was just a debutante, and the engagement was very short.

On her wedding day the bride received her share of her father's fortune and the bride and bridegroom sailed for Paris. On their arrival in Paris something hap-



Miss Katherine Urquhart, the Quiet, Earnest Little War Worker, Who Will Become Mrs. George Henry Warren.

Lieut. George Henry Warren.

pened that completely shattered the romance. Within ten days of their wedding Mrs. Prince was living by herself in a small, exclusive hotel near the Champ Elysees and Prince was on his way back to America.

On his arrival he went directly to his wife's family and on the very next steamer Elizabeth Adelaide sailed to join her sister. On the voyage over Miss Cannon met a young banker from Holland—Henri Luden, millionaire and owner of the largest shooting estate in Holland. He was an exceedingly serious and public spirited young man, and as Miss Cannon was in dire distress, she found him very congenial.

Arriving in France, Miss Cannon found the whole Warren family lined up to meet her and to help her in her trouble. She spent several weeks in Paris before her sister could be persuaded to return to New York. And in all this time young Warren was a great help to her.

Finally the bride and her devoted sister came home and a great change was immediately apparent in the latter. She was very thoughtful and subdued, and her love affair with Warren ceased with great suddenness. There was comparatively little gossip about this Mrs. Prince's sister.

One day at camp he rescued one of the Red Cross workers from some slight mishap, and thus met the charming young Southern girl who is now slated to become his wife. This young woman turned out to be the daughter of the David Urquharts, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and cousin of Mrs. James Alexander Stillman, of New York, daughter of James Brown Potter. Although connected with families prominent in New York, Miss Urquhart has never been identified with New York society and has never even visited Newport.

She is deeply engrossed with Red Cross work for the Allies, and he was also one of the first of the young Americans to enlist in France as an ambulance driver.

All thoughts of joyriding and love-making went out of his head, but his dapper coolness that had made him the terror of Newport now made him one of the crack-jack drivers of the American Ambulance.

In September, 1918, while Warren was endangering his life every hour of the day and night, Mrs. Freelinghusen, back home in "Tuxedo Park," announced the engagement of her older daughter to Mr. Luden, the Dutch banker. Mr. Luden's sisters, by the way, are the Countess van Lomberg Strum and Marlene van Lomberg, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

A few months later the United States entered the war and Mr. Warren came home and joined the army, being placed in the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Infantry Regiment.

While he was in training Lieutenant Warren was notified by his superior officers as the most studious and seriously inclined of all the younger officers. When called upon to drive a motor car he would go at a snail's pace and seemed actually afraid to travel faster than ten miles an hour.

And now society is busy wondering what sort of a match this will be! Lieutenant Warren is a most mighty changed man. Like every other man who has gone through the American campaign in France he is "different." The toys that once filled his life are forgotten, he has seen more horrors in the past eighteen months than he ever knew existed, and he only too well realizes the futility of a Newport career. Last January, having gone over the top several times with his regiment, the old Sixty-sixth, New York, he was assigned to the staff of a French army corps general as liaison officer and has served ever since on the French front.

His courtship has been carried on by correspondence, and all these months Miss Urquhart has been doing her bit here at home. The impression in the Warren connection is that when the marriage takes place, Lieutenant Warren—no longer called Froggie—will become a worth-while New Yorker of a type most markedly developed by the war. And his wife, who is a keen philanthropist and sociologist, will be of an enormous help to him.

Health, Beauty And The Home

An Ideal Winter Food

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

BEANS ought to be eaten frequently in every household that appreciates the importance of getting the greatest food value for the least money. Too many homes know beans only as "baked beans," the famous New England Saturday night dish. But there are some fifty-seven other kinds of beans and bean dishes. To any housewife who says, "Why should we eat more beans?" the reply comes that beans are the nearest equivalent in food value to meat. And now that meat is soaring in price, every housewife ought to welcome a food that gives the same value at less cost.

Beans, especially in the dry form, are concentrated protein or muscle-building food, with some starch. A penny's worth of beans yield as many protein calories as six cents' worth of beef or eleven cents' worth of eggs. In addition, they must remember that beans have no bones, gristle, shell, or other waste, and are thus a hundred per cent food value.

Many indeed are the kinds of beans from which the housewife has to choose. There are the large red kidney beans so loved by the Mexicans; the small yellow marrow-fat beans called by the French, "haricots"; and of a singular nutty flavor; the small red and white Italian beans; the black and white beans; all-black beans; Lima beans; and the common pea or navy bean.

All beans contain a high amount of sulphur, for which reason they create considerable gas during digestion. They also have thick skins which make them hard for delicate stomachs to digest. For this reason it is well to boil beans with a small pinch of baking soda and throw this water away. Paring bean pulp through a sieve will overcome the difficulty of the thick skins.

Although the most common way of preparing beans in this country is to bake them, perhaps the best way of using them is as a soup. Nothing could be more delicious than a soup made from black bean pulp, seasoned with a ham-bone or bacon rind and eaten with diced cubes of fried bread. Lima beans

make a richer, sweeter soup, but the common navy bean, if flavored with onions and herbs, makes the most nourishing dish and one frequently eaten by our boys in service.

By forcing the beans through a strainer a delicious pulp may be obtained, which can be used to replace potato or combined with other foods. For instance, a well-cooked pulp of navy beans may be poured over a small centre of meat, baked and served with a tomato sauce. Instead of corned-beef and potato hash, try laying the chopped and seasoned beef into a dish lined with bean pulp. Cover with more pulp and bake. The pulp may also be dried, seasoned, made into a mound on a baking dish and baked like potato. This is excellent cold and will indeed be good "when nine days old."

All beans are rather "flat" in taste and therefore need to be combined with foods that are acid and flavorful. Probably the best seasonings for them are onions and tomatoes, also green peppers, whole onion placed in a dish of baked beans is pleasing, white beans and tomato sauce may be combined in a great variety of appetizing ways.

Beans need slow cooking or baking to bring out the flavor and cook the starch perfectly. For this reason many of the baked forms of beans or beans cooked in a frying pan over slow fire are particularly delicious. Let the housekeeper who wants a substantial dish try red kidney beans with a very little pork, bacon or ham and tomato sauce, cooked slowly in an iron pot. Italian beans or any of the black or mottled varieties may also be used.

Children enjoy the dishes made of bean pulp and nothing will so build a child up as bean soup eaten several times a week. Even a three-year-old child can eat beans. The pulp is well washed and cooked. Faties or cream can be added, made by combining the pulp with bread crumbs or corn flakes such as are used for breakfast food. These are to be shaped with the hand into little



Photograph Posed
by MISS MARION
DAVIES at CAMP-
BELL STUDIO.

"Of all the
feminine charms
there is none
more desirable
than smooth,
well cared for
hands."

cakes, placed on a baking dish and browned in the oven.

Another excellent dish combines the pulp of Lima beans with eggs or milk, making a kind of pudding or baked custard. The beans are first mashed through a sieve and seasoned. Then the stiffly whipped whites of eggs are beaten in and the whole baked slowly over water until set.

Beans used to cost five and six cents a pound, but now cost fifteen and eighteen cents for most kinds, while the Lima cost even more. But the housewife should keep in mind the fact that beans are meat and not thick of them as a side dish. They should not be served when expensive meat is also used. The mashed beans may be used to replace potatoes as above de-

scribed, or served as a soup they may constitute an entire meal. Indeed, even corn has no more possibilities.

Recently a great to-do was made over the newly imported soy bean, long used in Oriental countries.

This is a small black bean of very flat flavor when cooked the average way. Also it seems to need more cooking than any other bean. However, the housewife should learn to use it, for having very little starch it is almost pure protein and therefore very high in nourishment. The soy bean flour makes excellent muffins and light

broads when combined with a small portion of wheat or other flour. It is the oil from the soy bean that makes the dark sauce so liked by Orientals as a meat flavor.

The most economical way to buy beans is by the five, ten or even twenty-pound sack, since they form a staple winter food, which the housewife should never be without. It should be as interesting to her to develop new recipes as for the investigator in the food department. And she should not forget that when using beans she is conserving more needed foods.

Making Hands Beautiful

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

OF all the feminine charms there is none more desirable than a smooth well cared for hand. Every woman can have such a hand if she will only make the necessary effort. Even housework is no excuse for coarse, chapped and reddened hands when rubber gloves are so easily obtainable.

If I were to summarize my experience and the advice I would like to give about the care of the hands in one single sentence, I would say: "Never let the hands get cold." The advice is very comprehensive and in a sense sufficient. If you are careful never to let your hands get cold, you will find that they will always be soft and white and will retain their natural shape and size.

Very few women know how to wash their hands. Some do it too frequently and some not often enough. One of the first commandments for the hands is that you must "Always wash your hands in tepid or hot water. If you are forced to use what is known as 'hard water' then it should be softened with a little borax, say one teaspoonful to a quart of water."

Then dip into the water a cake of the best soap. You must try various kinds until you find one that agrees well with your hands. When I have dipped the soap into the water I plunge my hands into it. It should be as interesting to her to develop new recipes as for the investigator in the food department. And she should not forget that when using beans she is conserving more needed foods.

After this, they should be dried, but only partly upon a soft loosely woven towel. Before they are thoroughly dry I take from my medicine cabinet, a bottle of my favorite softening and whitening lotion for the hands. It is made up of two parts of rose water to one part of glycerine. The addition of one-fourth of an ounce of tincture of benzoin and ten drops of carbolic acid makes it wonderfully effective. Rub the hands thoroughly with this and allow five minutes more for them to dry.

Observe how soft and white your hands are after such a bath and you will be surprised and delighted with this treatment. The hands should be washed in this fashion at least twice a day and even oftener, if your hands have been

exposed to any soiling process. But one think I must impress on your mind and that is that the hands must be thoroughly dried before going out into the open air. Failure to comply with this precaution will give your hands thick chapped uncareful appearance that every dainty woman dreads. If the hands are dry and thinning I should advise rubbing them three times a week with olive oil.

But to assure beautiful hands, and that in the shortest possible time, you should massage them with a simple cold cream and wear rubber gloves at night. But the gloves should be at least two sizes larger than the kid ones you use for daytime wear, and they should be punctured as freely as the top of a paper box to allow of proper ventilation.

Now as to how to massage the hands, the rotary motion is best for the face, but for the hands you should use a lengthwise one. I can best describe the massage for the hands by asking you to fancy you are wearing a pair of gloves for the first time. You must stroke the back of each hand firmly at least twenty times. Then lightly pinch the end of each finger, pressing the sides of the fingers between the thumb and second finger. You will find simple lemon juice of great assistance in keeping the hands white and free from blemishes. It will quickly remove dirt and stains from the skin and should be used on every woman's dressing table.

The nails must also be kept in a presentable state if the hand is to be considered a pretty one. Manicure them carefully at least minutes every day to pushing back once a week. Then give up the rough edges and keep them clean.

Hands that are too pudgy or thin usually reflect your general physical condition. Get your bodily weight to its normal standard and you will have no difficulty in keeping your hands in their natural shape.

La-May Face Powder Stays on Better Than Any Other

A specialist has at last perfected a face powder that really stays on better than any other. It does not contain dollars in silver and mercury. It is made of the finest white powder which analyzes it and finds it contains no white lead or other poisonous ingredients. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder which is used to treat the skin. In fact, this new powder helps to cure the skin. It is called La-May Face Powder. It is pure and because it stays on the face and any other part of the body by over a million American women and is sold by thousands of dealers everywhere. The large size is only fifty cents and the small size is only twenty-five cents. When you see how well it stays on, you will understand why La-May Face Powder has become the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Save this notice before substituting.

Beauty Questions Answered

WILL you please give me an astrigent lotion for the face that I can make up at home?—PERLA D.

Here is a simple astrigent lotion that may be applied with benefit many times a day if desired:
Water 2 handfuls
Pearl barley 2 handfuls
Tincture of benzoin 30 drops
Boil until the barley is soft.
Strain the liquor and add the tincture of benzoin.

MY eyebrows are thin, uneven and scraggly. What should I do for them?—A. F.

Brush them every night before you retire with an eyebrow brush dipped into this mixture:
Olive oil 1 ounce
Tincture of cantharides 1 ounce
Oil of nutmeg 1/2 ounce
Oil of rosemary 1/2 ounce

MY scalp is extremely dry and my hair is in very poor condition. What should I do for it?—J. F.

You must avoid a dry scalp, particularly. This dryness can be corrected by the proper massage and by the use of some lotion containing a sufficient amount of oil. Give your scalp a three-times massage with this:

Caster oil 2 ounces
Alcohol (95%) 1/2 ounce
Oil of bergamot 10 drops

WHAT is the real cause of wrinkles? I know a sweet little old lady of seventy who has none, and a girl in her twenties whose face is just covered with them.—C. W. R.

Age to itself is by no means the only cause of wrinkles. Wrinkles are in old age that they are most frequently found. I should say that the sources of wrinkles are: Worry, over-fatigue, the habit of making faces, the taking away of the flesh from the skin and, lastly, old age, insofar as it deepens the tracks of the wrinkles, wearing them deeper and deeper with the years as the wheels of a wagon cut deeper and deeper into the clay of a country road.

IS there any one fruit that is better for the complexion than others?—P. G.

All fruits are good for the complexion, but it is commonly conceded that the orange is the "best fruit." The orange gives the complexion marvellously and it has besides the property of holding much of the moisture of the body. This is the reason it is particularly the friend of the complexion. It makes her complexion freer and fairer and deepens perceptibly the golden lights in her hair.

MY hands look so coarse and unrefined. How can this be remedied?—ELNOR.

You must learn to take as much pains with your hands as you do with your hair. Never retire to night without rubbing them thickly with lanolin or a good paste like this:

Pure soap (shaved) 1/2 quart
Olive oil 1/2 quart
Mutton suet 1/2 quart
Brandy 1/2 quart

Warm the soap, suet and oil until they blend. While still tepid pour in the brandy. Add a few drops of your favorite perfume and wear an old pair of loose gloves.

PLEASE tell me of some dye for the hair. Mine is graying very rapidly and makes me look much older than I am.—D. C. B.

I prefer tonics rather than dyes for the hair, and would therefore recommend your massaging the scalp vigorously with something to stimulate its growth. Here is a tonic that is excellent for retarding the graying of the hair:

Bay rum 2 ounces
Sulphur 1/2 ounce

LATELY my lips have a blue, parched looking appearance. This means that I am anaemic!—L. D. R.

An anaemic condition is not always the cause of lips looking like this. Sometimes the cold weather will make them appear so. But if I think I would consider a physician about my general health. Meanwhile anoint your lips night and morning and before going out with this:

Olive oil 1 ounce
Vinegar 1 ounce
Sulphur 1 dram

MY eyes are a nondescript, greenish gray. Is there any possible way to deepen their color?—A. F. J.

There is no way whereby you can change the color of your eyes, but you can accentuate their color by wearing on your dress a knot of ribbon or velvet as near the exact shade as possible. Also by taking special care of your eye brows and eye-lashes. Massage lightly into the eye-brows and touch the edges of the eyelids with it. This will stimulate the growth of new hair, and as it comes in it may be a trifle darker than that in the only treatment I advise.

MY hair looks so coarse and unrefined. How can this be remedied?—ELNOR.

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Olive oil 1 ounce
Vinegar 1 ounce
Sulphur 1 dram

"War-Time" Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Barley Meal Muff with Dates Coffee Luncheon Potato Cakes Pimiento Sauter Lettuce Salad Dinner Braised Beef with Onions (with Onions) Carrot, Celery Apple Baked with Almonds Macaroni Coffee	Breakfast Oatmeal Bacon Cooked in Oven Tea Luncheon Potato Cakes Pimiento Sauter Lettuce Salad Dinner Braised Beef with Onions (with Onions) Carrot, Celery Apple Baked with Almonds Macaroni Coffee	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Rice Cooked in Milk Coffee Luncheon Gnocchi a la Cream Dinner Supper Chocolate Cakes Tea	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Rice Cooked in Milk Coffee Luncheon Gnocchi a la Cream Dinner Supper Chocolate Cakes Tea	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Rice Cooked in Milk Coffee Luncheon Gnocchi a la Cream Dinner Supper Chocolate Cakes Tea	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Rice Cooked in Milk Coffee Luncheon Gnocchi a la Cream Dinner Supper Chocolate Cakes Tea	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Rice Cooked in Milk Coffee Luncheon Gnocchi a la Cream Dinner Supper Chocolate Cakes Tea

YOU CAN

make your skin
what you would
love to have it

No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms—a clear, fresh skin.

An authority on the skin has said: "Whatever your difficulty is, you can remedy the trouble, if you will only give your skin intelligent care and attention."

Begin this treatment tonight and see how much it does for your skin. Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. After rinsing your face with warm water, rub a fresh layer of Woodbury's into your skin, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels just a little sensitive. Then rinse the skin well in warm water, then in cold, finishing by rubbing for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

Make this treatment a regular habit, and in a much shorter time than you would



imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment.

Begin tonight. Have the charm of a lovely skin.

Get your first cake of Woodbury's today. Begin now to overcome whatever condition is keeping your skin from being as lovely as it should be.

Blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, blemishes, a sluggish, yellow skin—these are the enemies of the skin. They are given in the booklet "A Skin's Love to Touch" which comes wrapped around the soap.

You will find a 25-cent cake sufficient for a month or more of any Woodbury treatment and for gentle cleansing use during this time.

Get it today. It is sold at all drug stores at 4 local goods counters throughout the United States.

Canada: The Anderson Company, Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

Spring Time
of Life
Complexion
Beauty
at any time of the
year
Marinello
Whitening
Cream
keeps your skin
youthfully
healthy and
brightens the
complexion the
attractiveness
of your
girlhood.
There are many
Marinello
Preparations
for all skin
conditions. All
are made of
purest
ingredients.
Marinello
Whitening
Cream
is the most
effective
preparation
for the skin.
It is made
of purest
ingredients.
Marinello
Whitening
Cream
is the most
effective
preparation
for the skin.
It is made
of purest
ingredients.

Gray Hair
Restored to
Original Color
Gray hair positively
restored to its original
color by the use of
Gray Hair Restorer.
This preparation
is made of purest
ingredients.
Gray Hair Restorer
is the most
effective
preparation
for the hair.
It is made
of purest
ingredients.

Character Furs By Lady Duff-Gordon



An Orange Silk
Wrap, with a
Border Made of
Alternate
Stripes of Sable
and
Chinchilla.

This Chinchilla Cloak Shows to
What Extent the Liking for the
Draped Wrap Reaches
This Season.



Back View of the Orange
Evening Cloak, Show-
ing Its Extreme
Fullness.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

WRAPS no less than gowns should be character indicators. Furs are not merely furs. They are the furs worn by Madame This or Mademoiselle That. There permeates them the subtle essence of her personality.

The chinchilla coat shown on the lower left-hand figure is not merely a chinchilla coat. Worn by the figure it here enwraps it becomes a part of her personality. It is well worn, gracefully worn, which is part of the expression of the wearer. It is not a long, straight, voluminous coat, of the type of huge, bulky wraps that are generally collected under the term automobile coats. Observe how gracefully it is draped and note how it blends with the individuality of the wearer.

The orange cloak, with its collar and border of alternate stripes of sable and chinchilla, is a character wrap, not merely in the general sense in which we apply character to clothes. It is distinctive. It is more than that. Not only is it of itself unique and characterful, but it seems to belong pre-eminently to the wearer who is so fortunate as to possess it.

The wrap half reveals, half conceals, the gown of champagne chiffon that covers a lining of flesh-colored satin. The orange colored silk that composes the cloak is of a chiffon quality. It falls in full, translucent folds from the wide rolling collar of the curiously combined stripes of sable and chinchilla. Through what seems an orange-colored shade gleams a green gold belt of the gown, clasped by the turquoise and violet ornament.

I show you here also the back of this cloak that you may see how full in the material, how numerous its folds. Likewise that you may see the individuality of the formation of the spreading, wine-like sleeves. Around the wrap extends a wide border of the mingled sable and chinchilla. The color effect is of almost barbaric richness. With it is worn a turban of orange colored silk, with a border of the fur, and further trimmed by a black plume.

Study the furs you see this season. Save for hopelessly cheap furs, or those worn by persons utterly lacking distinction, you will see that they are not merely furs, but the furs for the person who wears them. In no other item of dress is the character of apparel more apparent than in furs. This

is true of furs worn as garments, as extra wrappings or as trimmings.

The fashionable mink capes made of what seem innumerable pelts from the richly furred little animals are much worn—worn by those to whom they are suitable and others who are dwarfed and paled by them. Theoretically the mink is a friendly animal to the small woman. Being short-furred, his pelts should be especially decorative to her, whereas the long-haired furs, as the fox, are of especial grace and beauty when worn by the tall woman. But all theories are adapted, more or less, to persons and conditions.

It is true that the short-haired furs are best adapted to the little woman. But if the little woman, throwing all other considerations save her liking for mink to the winds, selects a wide cape of that fur she will suffer the fate which furs threaten her—extinction. I use figuratively the term. Whatever reduces the glow and charm of individuality threatens her with extinction. That little woman who seems small and pale in her furs has been extinguished by them. The light of her personality has been put out. The large cape seems to detract from her height. For her a trim long coat were more fitting.

One of the best examples I have seen of what may be termed fitting character furs I met one day last week on the Avenue. She was walking, as all persons who have regard for their health and desire to be well-dressed do. She was a very tall, brown-haired blonde. Her walking suit was of brown broadcloth of the shade of her hair. On the short coat of the walking suit she wore a sable cape. Her fair face and regular features were framed by a sable turban. One flash of color in the brown monotone was furnished by a wing, small, brilliant yellow.

Another instance of fitting or character furs I encountered a block further on. The wearer also was walking. Have you noticed how the gait and figures of American women have improved since the war began? Women have improved since the war began, and everybody walks? This woman, who swung along with the free, light tread of a panther, was in blue—a scant, untrussed skirt and half-length coat of midnight blue duvetyn. About her neck was loosely wound several times a scarf of black fur. Her muff was a small, cat-skin one made of one "animal."